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The Guardian Student Newspaper

Student Activities

8-18-1982

The Guardian, August 18, 1982

Wright State University Student Body

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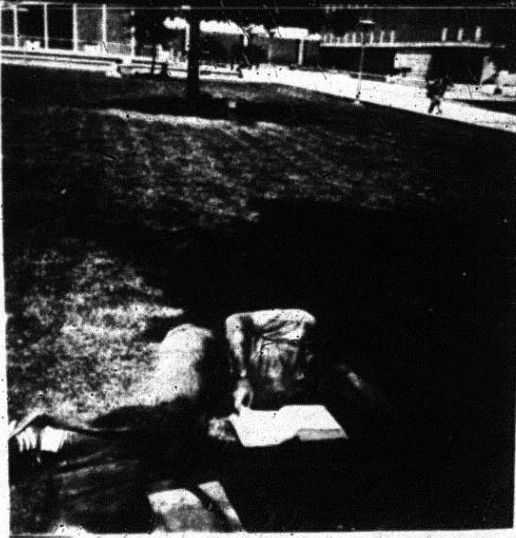
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Inside: Music, drama, summer remembrances

The Daily Guardian

Final Summer Issue: August 18, 1982

Wright State University, Dayton Ohio



How do you keep them down on the fair.....

COLUMBUS, Ohio AP - Gov. James Rhodes took to the air Tuesday, serving as a disc jockey for a radio station that was broadcasting live from the Ohio State Fair.

The hour long broadcast was the latest bit of state fair boosterism from Rhodes, 72, who the previous night had shouted encouragement to bidders during the auctions for champion livestock.

Last week, Rhodes spent the night in a cattle barn and helped farm youths wash their cattle before showing them.

Denny Nugent, assistant program director of WTVN Radio, said the station had been "working real closely with the governor because we've been all over the fair" doing reports.

"It seemed wherever we showed up he (Rhodes) showed up," Nugent said. "Then Dave Logan, a station disc jockey suggested to the governor that he join him on the show - and as it turned out, it's Dave joining the governor with his show."

RHODES SPENT the hour introducing records and people. He interviewed comedienne Phyllis Diller, then helped lead the All-Ohio Youth Choir in a rendition of "Blue Moon."

While Nugent said he would like to have Rhodes on the air again, he also said the governor could use a little practice.

"He's a little loose on the fundamentals of disc jockeyism," Nugent said; "but we can overcome that."

Summer enrollment remains high

Despite hard economic times and declining federal funds available for college students, Wright State's summer enrollment is hanging in there.

The figures are in at the registrar's office, and Wright State's summer enrollment at the main and branch campuses, is 7,513.

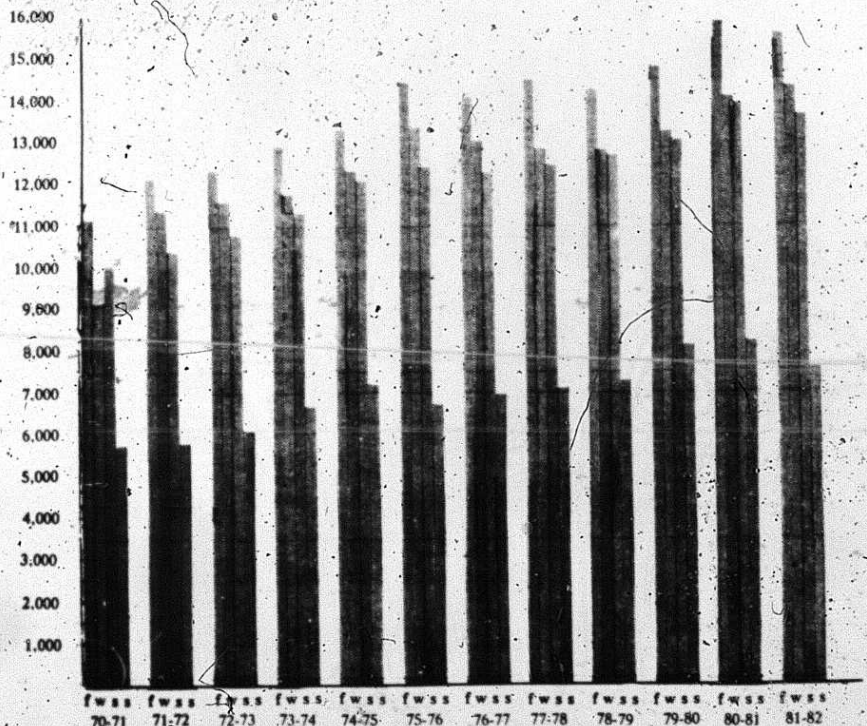
Although lower than 1981's figure of 7,920 and 1980's 8,067, this summer's enrollment figures are the third highest in the university history.

The figures come as a surprise to many who thought the turnout on campus this summer was lower than usual.

The enrollment figures are important to students, because low figures may mean the university has fewer course offerings.

ALTHOUGH IT is still too early to tell what fall enrollment will be like, many are predicting that enrollment will rise at WSU and Sinclair College while enrollment will decline at the area's more expensive institutions of higher learning.

While a weak economy and dire predictions for worse conditions may keep some student out of college, these conditions may bring more students to the area's more affordable institutions.



WSU enrollment for last 12 years

(table by Nancy Vadnais)

Nigeria is home for WSU graduate

By STEVE RABEY
Editor

Although he has been a student at Wright State for the last two years, Cyprian Okonkwo's heart has been home in Nigeria.

And now, after he has graduated from WSU he hopes to move to Atlanta, attending Emory University for a degree in business law or international law.

The goal of his studies—and his heart—is to return to his country, enter public life, and improve conditions in Nigeria.

"For me, happiness is working with people and being in public life," said Okonkwo.

"I love politics and I don't see myself doing anything besides politics."

OKONKWO WAS not born to pursue politics. In fact, his life was like that of many American youths, except he was born and raised in Umuahia, Nigeria.

"I left high school at 19 and took two years to figure out what I wanted to do. I began working for my father who ran an export/import business.

"I was making a fair amount of money, but I wasn't happy. I decided what I wanted to do—to help my country."

"I began college in Nigeria at 21. In 1979 I came to America to attend college at Wilberforce, but Wilberforce was too much like high school for me, so I came to WSU.

"I'm not particularly young anymore, and I have to work against time to do what I want to do."

TO UNDERSTAND Okonkwo's political ambitions one must understand the problems Nigeria faces. He describes the problems as follows:

"In Nigeria, there are extremities in the economic class structure, with very few people on top and the majority at the bottom.

"With our resources, that shouldn't be. The average standard of living is nothing compared to the amount of money the country brings in from oil, coal, cocoa and tin.

"Also, there are tribal sentiments that must be dealt with. There are 53 languages in my country, and people are divided among tribal lines.

"And there is political instability as well. After 13 years of military rule from 1966-1979, Nigeria had its first election in 1979, with another scheduled for 1983.

"Our system is patterned after the American system, but before this there were no elections—rulers ruled by decree. There was a series of juntas, coup d'états and military presidents."

OKONKWO CAME to America to get a closer look at the political system he admires.

"Anyone interested in freedom for human beings should be interested in how this system works.

"This is the only country with freedom of speech and press in the constitution. In fact, only in America could the press remove the president from office.

"In many of the developing nations, rulers think of the government as their personal belongings. That's a view that has to be changed.

"But although the American system is something to be envied, I had a lot of distorted perceptions before I came here.

"I thought everybody was well-off and rode around in big cars. But since I have been here, I have seen slums, ghettos, and everything there is to see.

"There's no way you can learn about

America in Nigeria.

"But I hope to return to my country and be in a position where I will be heard—not for personal aggrandizement, but for the welfare of the people.

"It will be an uphill struggle in Nigeria—even my father didn't understand my decision. He thought my ideal for bringing greater equality was contrary to what he believed. But I am dedicated to my goal."

UPON LEAVING WSU, Okonkwo had some thoughts about the college:

"I really like the academic/intellectual

atmosphere here, and the professors and students are very nice.

"But college fails to understand the unique situation of the foreign student on this campus."

"We are in a unique place here. Some students have trouble making it in college, but the foreign student is making it in a new world as well. The administration does not seem to understand how difficult this can be.

"But overall, I was very pleased here. I have not regretted transferring here and studying here."

Bookstore art

By MIKE MILLER
Associate Editor

Protected from the sun by her umbrella, Gail Kort studies the fountain entrapped by Oelman, Rike, and Allyn Halls on the Wright State campus.

She carefully sketches what she sees.

This particular piece of work will take her between 15 and 20 hours to complete.

Kort is a professional artist who, in addition to doing pen and ink drawings, also paints and makes woodcuts.

CURRENTLY, SHE is doing sketches of the fountain in front of Allyn Hall, and the interiors of both the University Library and the Creative Arts Center building. Bookstore Manager Francis Goeggel has contracted her to do these sketchings and plans to buy them from her. Goeggel is going to use these drawings on notecards which will be sold at the bookstore in the future.

"He (Goeggel) was very enthusiastic about having me do these drawings," Kort said.

Goeggel was unavailable for comment. Kort, who graduated from Oberlin College where she majored in art, said she does a lot of house and building sketches, but prefers to draw organic things like trees.

Kort previously did some sketchings for Kenyon College's bookstore, while her husband taught there. Her husband now teaches at Wright State.

KORT ATTRACTS prospective customers by displaying her work at arts shows. She will be appearing at two shows in the Yellow Springs area within the next month—one at the Yellow Springs Community Theatre and the other at the Miami Bank of Yellow Springs. In October, she will also appear in a show at Patton-Howell Inc., 230 E. Sixth St., located in the Oregon District.



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Summer Counseling: My thoughts and others actions

By MIKE MILLER
Associate Editor

Sunday, July 11, 1982—I find myself in a strange place surrounded by nine young boys who are hanging all over me like Christmas ornaments. They wrestle me to the ground and try to bully me into granting them special privileges.

I refuse.

They continue their assault.

After a lengthy struggle, I manage to escape from this pile of future hitmen and claim one of them as my hostage while threatening to rub the top of his head with my clenched fist until all his hair stands straight up, if his buddies didn't back off.

This was a pretty good tactic, but I made one minor miscalculation—the eight guys I told to back off didn't care what I did to my hostage...they just wanted to wrestle me to the ground and beat on me again.

Thus, they attacked me again, I fell to the ground again, and we wrestled until I talked them into playing a game of softball.

The aforementioned scenario may sound like a bad dream, and I wished it was. Actually, however, it was simply one of several memorable experiences I had during my first day as a camp counselor at Camp Ko-Man-She, a summer camp for diabetic children.

The camp, held at Indian Hills 4-H Campgrounds near Pleasant Hill, Ohio, has been held annually for the past 18 years. It is sponsored by the Diabetes Association of Dayton.

Camp Ko-Man-She is designed to be not only an educational experience for young diabetics between the ages of six and 16, but an opportunity for these youngsters to have fun, be active, and get to know other children their age who also have diabetes.

The camp is two weeks long: Children between 11 and 16 camp the first week, and those between six and 10 the second week.

THE FIRST WEEK, I HAD THE PRIVILEGE (7) of keeping an eye on the 11 and 12 year old boys. The Pre-Puberty Punks, as I called them.

On my first day of camp, I quickly learned that the camp's rules were made to be broken. The Camp Director specifically told all counselors that lights were to be out by 10:00 p.m. and everyone should be asleep soon afterwards.

Well, as all nine of their mouths were still running at 1:00 a.m., I suddenly realized that getting these rascals to bed by 10:00 p.m. was actually a goal, not a strictly-enforced policy.

These kids weren't going to fall asleep by 10:00 p.m. no matter what. They were thrilled about being at camp and knew that mom and dad weren't around to tell them what to do. They looked at camp as being a vacation from rules and regulations, so even though I threatened to tie them up and gag them, tie them by their thumbs to the roof of the cabin, and beat them repeatedly with my special George Foster autographed baseball bat, they simply laughed at me because they knew I had to be bluffing. (Or, at least they better hope I was bluffing).

EVERYONE WAS SOUNDLY ASLEEP BY 3:00 a.m. that first night. I knew things had to get better though, because we had to wake up at 7:00 a.m. every day of camp. Another Golden Rule at camp was to set a good example for all the campers. Well, this sounds rational and quite reasonable, but I found it a very tough rule to obey sometimes.

I reasoned that cussing around these young, innocent children would not be very tasteful, but when the first words out of little Robby's (one of my campers) mouth were, "This g--- place looks like a f--- w--- h---! G--- d---, G--- d---, I Well, s--- on it!" I sort of felt deprived because I never used words like that until I joined the Ohio National Guard four years ago.

SINCE ROBBY WAS A CUTE, curly blonde-haired 11 year old, I figured I would approach him nicely and try to make him feel a little better about the cabin he was going to spend the next two weeks of his life in.

"It's not that bad, now is it Robby?" I inquired in a nice tone.

"F--- you! you dumbs---! It's s---, s---, s--- and that's all the s--- I have to say!"

Even though Robby's favorite word was s---, we managed to communicate somewhat intelligently before the week was over.

After twisting his arm behind his back a few times and inflicting the devastating "tickle torture" on him, he learned to scream out meaningless phrases like, "I'm sorry" and "I'll never say s--- again."

Dealing with Robby was a piece of cake in comparison to manhandling little Chris though. Little Chris not only kept everyone up very late every night with his very unusual sense of humor, he spit on me just as I was preparing to go to bed my first night at camp.

After yanking him out of bed and spanking him a few (hundred) times, I went to the bathroom to clean his saliva off my body.

FEELING REFRESHED AFTER CLEANING UP, I returned to the cabin where, just as I broke the plane of the doorway, I was showered with spit by almost every sleep in the cabin. (Little Chris turned out to be the General in charge of this spit ambush.)

After this, things got better though. I was simply beaten with pillows and kept up all night listening to Chris's jokes. Nonetheless, Chris and I became good buddies after a while and I took care of him as if he was my little brother.

One night, instead of making me laugh as he usually did, little Chris scared the hell out of me.

At about 3:00 in the morning, I was awakened by a group of female campers who happened to be raiding the boys' bathroom (with toilet paper, shaving cream, soap, toothpaste, baby powder and whatever else they could find).

I went outside to observe the festivities. 15 and 16 year old lassies were running back and forth between their cabins and the boys' bathroom carrying the raiding materials. They laughed and giggled every step of the way and I simply watched them and smiled because I knew the boys would be more than ready to retaliate the following night.

"Chris was still flopping around uncontrollably as I lifted him out of his bed and rushed him to the camp clinic"

AS I WALKED BACK INTO MY CABIN, I found little Chris flopping around on his bed like a fish out of water. At first, I thought he was faking an insulin reaction as some sort of joke. But after I yelled his name several times and he failed to respond, I knew it was the real thing. (i.e., an insulin reaction usually occurs when a diabetic either (1) takes too much insulin, (2) overexercises, (3) doesn't eat as much as he/she is supposed to, or (4) any combination of 1, 2, or 3. Insulin reactions are usually accompanied by headaches, dizziness, shakiness, inability to comprehend anything, and unconsciousness which could result in death if not properly or promptly treated.)

Chris was still flopping around uncontrollably as I lifted him out of his bed and rushed him to the camp clinic.

When I arrived at the clinic, there were no doctors present so I told one of my fellow counselors to find a doctor quickly while I attended to Chris. In the meantime, I tried to feed Chris a packet of Monojel, a jelly-like glucose substance fed to an individual during the early stages of an insulin reaction. I tried to jam the packet of Monojel down Chris's throat, but he spit it out and the blue substance trickled down the side of his pale face.

WHEN THE DOCTOR ARRIVED, he examined Chris and decided to administer an I.V. Chris was still flopping around, so three of us (myself and two nurses) tried to hold Chris down while the doctor inserted the I.V., but after three or four attempts, the doctor decided to abort his initial plan. He decided, instead, to give Chris an injection of Glucagon, a substance which is injected into the muscle to help a diabetic recover from a severe insulin reaction. Chris began to recover a few minutes after he received the injection, but the doctor decided to give him another injection because the first dose didn't actually bring about a full recovery.

Chris finally recovered about 4:30 a.m. whereupon the doctor fed him some Graham crackers topped with peanut butter and a can of Coke to fill his empty stomach. (Chris was supposed to have eaten a bedtime snack, but neglected to because he said he wasn't hungry. That is what brought on his reaction.)

THE DOCTOR DECIDED TO KEEP CHRIS IN THE CLINIC OVERNIGHT, so I returned to the cabin where I began to have an insulin reaction. Fortunately, each cabin was equipped with a one gallon jug of sugared orange juice which was to be used to cure insulin reactions. After three or four glasses of that good tasting stuff, I fell asleep about the time my head came in contact with my pillow.

After two (very) short hours of sleep, it was time to wake up and start all over again. There was plenty to do at camp and before my two weeks had elapsed, I believe I did it all. We played softball, basketball, soccer, kickball, volleyball, went fishing, swimming, canoeing (for the first time in my life), flew kites, worked on arts and crafts, camped out in the woods, sang songs at campfires, watched a magic show and an animal show, learned about nature, attended classes dealing with diabetes, and performed skits.

During the first week, I didn't actively participate in the kids' skits. I just let them do whatever they wanted. I didn't know anything about acting or the making of plays and I didn't feel like trying to fake it either.

SO WITHOUT MY ASSISTANCE, the kids put on an old skit known as "Scrambled Eggs."

Everyone at camp, including the doctors, nurses, and dietitians, attended the skits and each cabin was required to perform a skit—either original or unoriginal. Most of the skits were old camp favorites—ones the counselors or campers had seen or performed previously. But different kids have different ways of performing the same skits, so they were all entertaining.

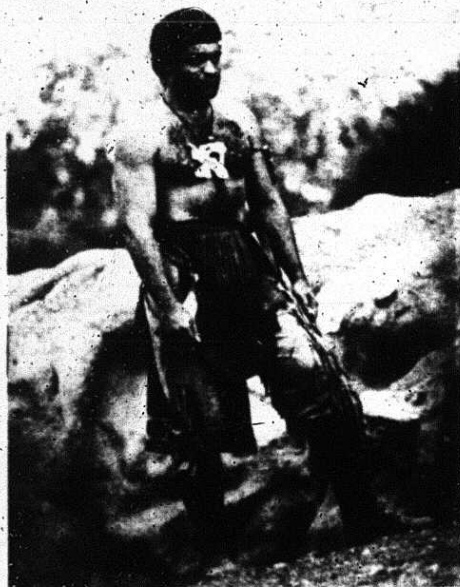
Even though the guys in my cabin did a fine job on their skit, I felt a little guilty for refusing to help them out.

(See CAMP, page 5)

Ohio comes alive with outdoor drama



Daniel Boone (l)
and Caesar
(of Caesar's
Creek fame)
, and Peggy
(below) star in
Blue Jacket



Every summer, Ohio hosts 55 seperate outdoor dramas



Other outdoor
productions
include

Tecumseh (r)

and *The Living
Word (far rt)*



For all concerned**Camp Ko-Man-She proves to be "an experience"**

(continued from page 3)

During the second week of camp--when I was dealing with nine and ten year olds instead of 11 and 12 year olds--I was determined to make up for my lack of participation in the first skit.

I knew the younger boys would need more help in deciding which skit to perform. From the first day the nine and ten year olds arrived at camp, I reminded them about the upcoming skit and told them to try and come up with ideas for potential skits.

They had plenty of ideas, but I couldn't get all seven (I had two fewer campers the second week) of them to agree on the same skit.

Finally, about two hours before we were scheduled to perform our skit, I almost threw in the towel. I was exhausted and simply didn't have enough energy to coordinate a skit in less than two hours.

SUDDENLY, I TOOK A GOOD LOOK AT ONE OF MY CAMPERS and started laughing aloud. My campers looked at me as if I had finally crossed that fine line which separates sanity from insanity.

And, indeed, I had.

Standing before me was a young black kid. He stood about four feet two inches high with long skinny arms, nappy hair, bucked teeth, and his thumb firmly implanted in his mouth. Coincidentally, his name was Chris. (ie., not to be confused with the Chris who spit on me the week before...not that the difference between the two Chrises is that one spit on people and the other one didn't, because the second Chris--not to be outdone by the first Chris--also spit on me).

"Chris saw the Buckwheat portrayal as a racial slur. And frankly, I didn't blame him for thinking the way he did."

"BUCKWHEAT," I SHOUTED WITHOUT WARNING.

Everyone was puzzled.

"What are you talking about, Mike?" little Chad asked.

"We're going to do a play about Buckwheat," I revealed. "Maybe something like 'Buckwheat at Diabetic Camp'. And we have the perfect person to play Buckwheat."

I looked at Chris as if he was a prize beef.

Meanwhile, Chris looked at me as if I was a live turkey.

"I ain't playin' no Buckwheat and that's final," he said in a definite tone. "So you can just forget that crazy idea right now."

"You'll be great," I replied. "You'll have everyone laughing their guts out."

I could see that the Buckwheat idea was gaining support from all the campers except one--Chris. The other campers began pushing Chris around and calling him Buckwheat. Chris started crying and dashed out of the cabin. I felt responsible, but I was too busy writing the Buckwheat script in my head to chase little Chris down. (For some reason, I was positive Chris would return on his own free will).

THE OTHER CAMPERS WERE DISAPPOINTED WITH CHRIS for turning down the Buckwheat role, but I told them Chris had a good reason for running off like he did. Chris saw the Buckwheat portrayal as a racial slur. And frankly, I didn't blame him for thinking the way he did.

But little Matt, who liked the Buckwheat idea, thought he had a solution to the problem.

"I'll play Buckwheat!" he exclaimed like an actor with a cause.

"But you're white," I said regarding his obvious inability to fill Chris's shoes.

"So what?" Matt inquired rather stupidly. "Are you going to discriminate against me because I'm white? The fact is, I want to play Buckwheat and Chris doesn't. So, I should get to play Buckwheat."

"No you shouldn't," I demanded.

"Why not?" he prodded. "Playing Buckwheat doesn't offend me."

"I'm sure it doesn't," I reasoned. "Because you don't look like Buckwheat...and Chris does."

Just then, Chris returned to the cabin with tears still running down his cheeks.

I FELT SORRY FOR THE YOUNGSTER, but I was still determined to persuade him to play Buckwheat. He looked so much like the famous Our Gang character that I felt I had to seize this opportunity to take advantage of the little fellow's incredible resemblance to Buckwheat.

Even though Chris adamantly refused to play the role, I still felt I could get him to do it. But how?

I had a plan. A good plan.

I TOOK LITTLE CHRIS ASIDE AND HAD A PRIVATE CONFERENCE with him.

"I know you don't want to play Buckwheat," I reasoned with him, "but let's suppose I was

to give you a dollar's worth of bubble gum if you played Buckwheat for one short minute."

"You aren't lying to me, are you?" he asked me as if we were negotiating a contract. "A whole dollar's worth of bubble gum?"

"A whole dollar's worth," I told him as if his signature on the dotted line would close the deal.

"You got a deal," he said while shaking my hand. "Now just tell me what I got to do and let's do it."

SUDDENLY, CHRIS TURNED TO HIS FELLOW CAMPERS AND BLURTED OUT the key line of the entire skit.

"Hi everybody. I'm *Buckwheat*."

He said that line with such perfection, I almost suffocated from laughing so hard. Thus, the show went on.

Chris's fellow campers each played a character from the *Peanuts* comic strip. The scene was their first day at diabetic camp and each one was administering his shot in some peculiar way...Linus in the thumb, Charlie Brown squirted his insulin on Linus because he accidentally injected it backwards, and Schroeder injected his in the most undesirable place when Charlie Brown hit him with a basketball just as he was preparing to shoot himself in the stomach.

AND THEN, OUT OF THE BLUE, FOLLOWING A CUELINE FROM SCHROEDER, appears Buckwheat.

"Hi everybody," Chris said wearing an old cowboy hat sideways and carrying a bamboo fishing pole. "I'm *Buckwheat*."

I fell off the picnic table I was sitting on.

The camp's Program Director, dressed up like Richard Simmons, rolled on the ground holding his stomach as if someone had just hit him.

The entire crowd was delirious.

Chris blurted out a few lines after that, but they were simply icing on the cake.

A STAR WAS BORN.

Watching the skits was a lot of fun and the kids enjoyed putting them on as well. In fact, the kids enjoyed almost every activity at camp except one--testing their urine.

Urine tests indicate the amount of sugar the diabetic is spilling in his/her urine. The diabetic's urine-sugar level rises whenever he/she consumes too much sugar (or too much food of any kind, for that matter).

All the campers had to test their urine four times daily while at camp. Many of them (especially the younger ones) did not like this format, because they weren't used to testing their urine that often while they were at home.

In fact, little Chris (of the first week) wrote a song which reflected the general feeling amongst campers regarding the toils of urine testing.

UPON COMPLETION OF A URINE TEST ONE AFTERNOON, Chris proudly sang his tune with visions of Johnny Paycheck dancing in his head. "Take this piss and shove it. I ain't testin' here no more." Although he never cut a 45, Chris's song was number one at camp.

Unlike the campers, only once did I find the urine testing procedure annoying--when the camp dance (held on the last night of camp) was interrupted for a half hour, so the kids could return to their cabins and test their urine specimen.

NONETHELESS, I ENJOYED THE CAMP AS MUCH, IF NOT MORE THAN the campers did. Being a diabetic as I am, I had an opportunity to get as much out of the camp's activities as the kids I was assigned to keep an eye on.

The kids looked up to me as being one who, on the surface, has been able to maintain a fairly normal existence despite the fact I am a diabetic, and I looked down at them and saw young boys who, despite their physical problems, have the courage and determination it takes to overcome any obstacle standing between themselves and any goal they seek to achieve in life.

AT A CAMP SUCH AS THIS, EVERYONE participating in the event--the campers, counselors, doctors, nurses, dietitians, cooks, etc. all have something to gain from it. Personally, I gained more than I ever imagined I could by giving a piece of myself to 16 diabetic kids who taught me so much in just two short weeks.

In wrapping up this article, I'd like to salute everyone who participated in the camp with the blessing we sang before every camp meal:

"Oh, the Lord is good to me, and so I thank the Lord, for giving me the things I need, the sun and the rain and the applesauce, the Lord is good to me."

WSU soccer squad faces tough season

Wright State University soccer coach Alan Zaharako announced his 1982 schedule which is the most demanding slate in WSU history. The 20-match schedule starts with the first Wright State Invitational on September 3-4 with the Raiders taking on Kentucky Wesleyan in first round action while Northern Kentucky meets Malone in the other match.

"We are looking for a schedule that will enable Wright State to challenge for an NCAA tournament berth," said Zaharako. "I know it is a tremendous schedule, but I feel we will have a very competitive team this season."

Wright State will meet eight Division I schools this season, including Cleveland State which has appeared in eight NCAA Division I tournaments and was ranked No. 2 in Ohio last year with a 14-5-2 record. The other Division I power new on the schedule is Bowling Green which was 11-7-1 last year and was ranked No. 4 in Ohio. Other Division I teams include Ohio State, Dayton, Cincinnati, Xavier, Louisville, and Eastern Michigan.

THREE OF the strongest schools WSU meets this season come from the Division II ranks. The Raiders travel to Lock Haven (Pa.) on Sept. 8, a team which won the 1980 NCAA Division II Championship. WSU also will meet Missouri-St. Louis on the road on Sept. 18 and the Rivermen have been to the NCAA tournament 10 straight years. As part of the trip to St. Louis, WSU also will meet Missouri-Rolla on Sept. 17. The Raiders close out the season at home on Nov. 6 against Oakland; another strong Division II team in the Midwest which

finished 14-4-1 last season.

The Raider booters are coming off their most successful season (13-7-2) in terms of ranking in Ohio. WSU finished 7th in the final Ohio Soccer News poll. Other rated teams from last year on this year's schedule include Cleveland State (2nd), Bowling Green (4th), Denison (6th), Kenyon (9th),

and Malone (10th).

The annual game between Wright State and Dayton will be played at Welcome Stadium on Sunday, Oct. 10 at 7 p.m. The game will be sponsored by Metropolitan Life Insurance with proceeds going to the Alpha School in Dayton for children with

learning disabilities.

Wright State returns 10 letter winners from last year's team, including junior Mark Myton who was a second team all-American selection. In addition to the returning letter winners, Zaharako has signed seven newcomers.

Raiders travel to Freedom Hall in Feb.

Wright State University basketball coach Ralph Underhill announced that the 1982-83 schedule released earlier this summer has two recent changes.

The game scheduled on December 4 at Lewis has been cancelled because of the addition of a February 22 appearance at the University of Louisville with an 8 p.m. start in Freedom Hall. Also, the home game with Kentucky Wesleyan will be on February 16 rather than February 17.

"The opportunity to meet a school of Louisville's reputation was one we couldn't pass up," commented Underhill. "Lewis coach Chuck Schwartz was very cordial in allowing the late change to the schedule. Needless to say, this will be the biggest game in Wright State's history. Coach Denny Crum has one of the top programs in the nation year in and year out. This should be a big thrill for our players from the Louisville area (Theron Barbour, Phil Benninger, and Fred Moore)."

The Cardinals posted a 23-10 record last year and advanced to the NCAA Final Four for the second time in three years. U of L won the NCAA Championship in 1980. The

Cardinals have posted 38 straight winning seasons, the longest such streak in the nation.

Wright State has a five-game winning streak against Division I competition spanning the past two seasons. The last

loss was at Rice (84-78) during the 1979-80 season. Underhill is 8-1 against Division I schools in his four years at Wright State and 92-22 overall. Denny Crum is the fifth winningest coach in Division I history with a .783 mark (264 wins, 74 losses) in 11 years at Louisville.

Raider swimming coach retires

Lee Dexter has resigned as Wright State University's men's and women's swimming coach effective July 30, 1982. Dexter has been at Wright State since 1973-74 and initiated both swimming programs in 1974-75.

Dexter leaves the University to assume a position at Wright Patterson AFB as a facilities analyst with the Air Force Logistics Command in the department of Morale, Welfare and Recreation.

"This was just a once in a lifetime opportunity I couldn't turn down," said Dexter. "It was something I put a lot of thought into before making the final decision."

Wright State's women's swimming team achieved a great deal of success under Dexter. He produced 37 all-Americans and placed in the top 10 of the AIAW Division II Championships three times. His teams placed fourth in both 1978-79 and 1980-81 and compiled an overall record of 46-26-2.

DURING THE same time span, the men's team compiled a record of 27-39 while producing 10 all-Americans. The men enjoyed their best season in 1981-82 by placing 18th at the NCAA Division II Championships and five Raiders achieved all-America honors.

The native of Illinois and his wife Susan have two children, Brian, 9, and Allison, 4. They will continue to reside in Beavercreek.

In another personnel move, the half-time position of assistant swimming coach has been dropped and will be replaced by a graduate assistantship. Alex Braunfeld, who just finished his first year at WSU, will continue as coach of the Dayton Raiders AAU swimming team.

Persons interested in applying for the swimming coach and aquatics director position should contact WSU athletic director Dr. Michael Cusack at 873-2771. Wright State is an Equal Opportunity Employer.

Wright State grapplers to gain Terwood's assistance

Charles Terwood has been named assistant wrestling coach at Wright State University. Terwood will work with head coach Stamat Bulugaris who initiated the program at WSU in 1973-74.

Prior to coming to Wright State, Terwood served as the varsity wrestling coach at Fairborn Baker High School from 1971-1981. While he will not continue as a coach at Fairborn High School (Park Hills and Baker combined), he will continue as a teacher. In addition to his wrestling duties at Baker, Terwood also served as a track coach, cross country coach, and assistant football coach.

"Chuck has been very active with our Raider wrestling club in the last two years as an instructor," said Bulugaris. "He is very knowledgeable about strength development and conditioning. These areas will be a great asset to our program."

Terwood is a 1971 graduate of Bowling

Green where he lettered in wrestling. He graduated with a Bachelor of Science in education. He is married and with his wife, Nancy, has two children—Jennifer, 9, and Todd, 4.

IN OTHER wrestling related news, Bulugaris announced the signing of Scott Farler to a National Letter of Intent. Farler comes to Wright State from Edgewood High School in Trenton where he lettered four times in wrestling.

Farler placed second in the state this past year at 126 pounds. He served as the team's captain for two seasons and compiled a four-year record of 100 wins and 32 losses.

The 5-10, 138-pounder plans to major in pre-medicine at Wright State with hopes of continuing on to medical school.

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Former WSU student awaits album

By STEVE RABEY
Editor

Tim Ogden of Fairborn has been sitting on pins and phonographic needles.

Ogden, 26, a former WSU student, is awaiting the release of his first album, *For You Are the Light*.

Recording for the album began in March 1980, and was completed last June. Now Ogden is waiting for the pressing plant to deliver the final copies.

The album is a family affair, with Ogden composing ten of the eleven songs, playing piano and singing lead vocals. His wife Janet did the cover art.

But don't expect to see the album on the *Billboard* album list, or hear it on local rock stations.

The songwriter's goal is not stardom, but "to share the gospel in song."

"People are looking and striving for something, but they really don't know where it's at," said Ogden. "And rock music today is misleading a lot of people; it leads them down the wrong path."

"Society, and its music, have shot such a

big hole in life they don't know how to mend it. In this album I would like to be able to share the truth, and to communicate to people who don't really know who Jesus is."

BORN IN CIRCLEVILLE, Ohio, Ogden began singing "when I came out of the womb."

"My father was a pastor, and we moved from Circleville to Urbana, to Columbus, to Springfield where I grew up." He has since lived in Enon and Yellow Springs before moving to Fairborn with his family.

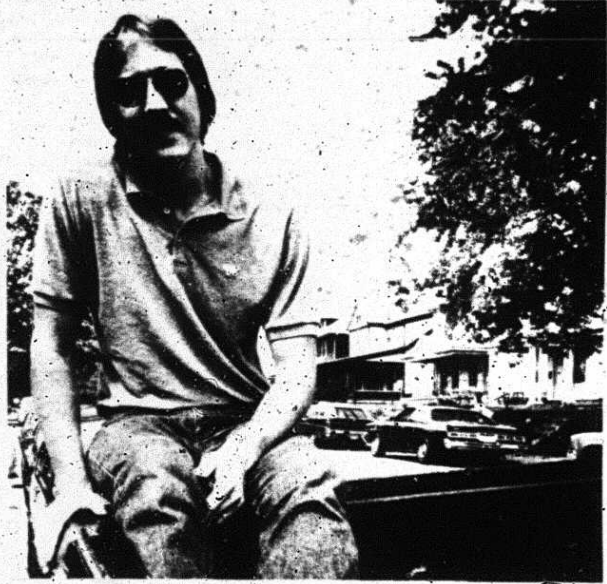
He began playing trumpet in elementary school and moved on to baritone horn, bass guitar, and guitar finally landing on the piano stool in 1974.

He began writing songs in 1975 with love ballads, "but that never really went anywhere." He has been writing songs for the album for the last six years.

Produced by former Xenian Steve Millikan, *For You Are the Light* consists of rock and ballads, and features local and studio musicians and was recorded at Bill Gaither's Pinebrook Studios in Indiana.

Ogden will distribute the album from his house as well as selling it through Faith Christian Bookstore in Fairborn, Logos in Springfield and other local stores.

"I don't want to make a lot of money," said Ogden. "I just want to break even. But the most basic reason for the album is to share the gospel with people."



Dynamic duos

Nick and Bob and Karl and Jesus

By STEVE RABEY
Editor

Our world, as we have been told since childhood, has two poles—North and South.

As these two poles stand at opposite ends of the globe, many of the world's inhabitants follow the teachings of two controversial leaders—Marx and Jesus.

The tension between Marxists and Christians divides man from man, Russian from American, and may lead to the destruction of the world.

It's a potentially dangerous situation, and Nick and Bob are trying to do something about it.

WATCH, as Nick and Bob fly to Washington, D.C., the U.S.S.R., and Austria to hold dialogues between Marxists and Christians!

READ, as Nick and Bob publish papers and edit books about the dialogue!

LISTEN, as Nick and Bob team-teach their interdepartmental course, which was the first such course on the WSU campus and has been taught since 1969!

ACCORDING TO Nick, Dr. Nicholas Piedicalzi, professor of religion, it all began from his friendship with Bob, Dr. Robert Thobaben, professor of political science.

"Dr. Thobaben and I developed a fine friendship and began talking about these issues," he said.

"We became interested in interdisciplinary team-teaching; and especially in the religion department, we believe that there are a lot of falsely separated disciplines."

Thobaben said, "We have worked

together for so long that we have developed a mutual respect. We like each other as persons, and we respect each other's area of scholarly inquiry."

The goal of the teaching, writing and travelling is to get Marxists and Christians to talk to each other in the hopes that they can find some areas of agreement.

According to Piedicalzi, Marxists and Christians agree "that there are injustice and suffering in the world, and that these must be corrected through the transformation of societal structures."

However, there remains an ideological source of disagreement: "Marxists are basically atheistic and materialistic, and Christians are basically theistic."

THOBABEN COUNTERS with a defense of Marx: "I don't think Marx was anti-theist, he was an atheist. Marx was rather tolerant of those who believed in God, while those who have followed in his footsteps have less tolerance."

"And anyway, maybe an atheist Christian isn't a contradiction in terms."

Although the two professors come under fire from both Marxists and Christians who think they are making a compromise with the enemy, they can see some fruit coming from their work.

"We are looking for points of convergence," said Thobaben, "and I think we can find some theoretical basis for living together and avoiding a nuclear holocaust."

Piedicalzi added, "Hopefully out of this can arise some communication which will lessen the conflict between these two groups. That's why it's important."

Zappa's ship too late

By SCOTT SEAMAN

Frank Zappa has been recording music for nearly 20 years and during that time everyone from the *Cucamonga Daily Press* to *Rolling Stone* has condemned his music. Inevitably, the attacks focused on the obscenity and puerile humor of his lyrics. Never-the-less, his music, inspired by Varese, Stravinsky, and Captain Beethart deeply influenced the popular music of the 1960's.

Yet, in the past 5 years, his material has been a mix of brilliance and bullshit. His latest release, *Ship Arriving Too Late To Save A Drowning Witch* (Zappa Hapless, *Drowning Witch* smells bad), smells of the latter.

Zappa's 1981 double-album, *You Are What You Is*, was a powerful pop record that presented Zappa at his best. In it he attacked Moses, the U.S. Military, neurotics, and even himself. It was done with honesty, humor, and musical clarity hardly ever present in today's music. *Ship Arriving Too Late...* continues this pop approach, but without the spontaneity and lyrical subsistence. Zappa has also junked obscenity and his off-beat humor (which kept past albums off radio, driving down sales). In their place are shallow lyrics and stock musical phrases.

"**VALLEY GIRL**", an exploration into the stupidity of women in the San Fernando

Valley, underlines Zappa's contempt of women that threads throughout the album. Women are repeatedly described as too ignorant to cope with their environment and too frightened to change. In *No Not Now, Teen-age Prostitute*, and *Drowning Witch*, women are exposed as indecisive nymphomaniacs whose only concerns are manicures and designer jeans. While sexuality has always been crucial to Zappa's music, seldom has it surfaced in such a contemptible and vicious manner.

Throughout the album are long instrumentals with impressive guitar solos and gorgeous keyboard work. Ridiculous as the lyrics are to the title cut, "Drowning Witch," the accompanying five minute instrumental is subtle and uplifting. Condescending as "I Come From Nowhere" is, the score radiates a power that is very moving.

Zappa is confused as to whether he wants to be an avant garde musician or a big rock star. He is capable of powerful, serious music. But he also wants commercial acceptability. *Ship Arriving Too Late...* is a result of this desire, and despite occasional relapses into brilliance, this album reeks.

Ball girls needed

Any Wright State University students interested in being a ball girl for the 1982 Men's Soccer Team should call Alan Zaharako, head coach, at 873-2771 between 9 a.m. - 5 p.m. Monday through Thursday, to arrange for an interview.

Just another ho-hum summer?

By **MIKE HOSIER**
Staff Writer

This summer is nearly over. For *The Daily Guardian* it is over. This is the last issue of the paper that will be produced before school resumes in mid-September. By then summer won't be much more than a warm memory.

It's been a fairly good summer; all things considered. For one thing, the United States hasn't decided to go to war with another country. Federal financial aid for college students hasn't been totally obliterated by Washington-based budget maligners.

It was just one of your average, long and lazy, humid summers populated with requisite numbers of mosquitoes and intolerable heat spells. Most of us college kids, those who weren't making up lost time in summer school,

had menial summer jobs of one type or another.

And the hours not spent saying "yes boss" and "no boss" were more productively spent, depending on your passion, slurping beers and/or watching baseball games on the tube.

Some of us found our leisure time to be pleasurable at the local disco, the local bar and grill, the local movie theatre, and etcetera. But most of all, away from the classroom, and job site, whenever possible.

Summer's just a really great season of the year. All the trees have leaves that are green. Dinky creatures, furry as well as feathery, are in abundance. When the sun shines it really shine-shine-shines. The female of the species wears darn near next to nothing.

And cold beers (a true fixation there), sodas, and popcicles become exquisite instead of just chilly.

You can wear shorts in the summer and not feel like some kind of nerd. And see parades. And fireworks displays. And go camping. And swat mosquitoes (another fixation there).

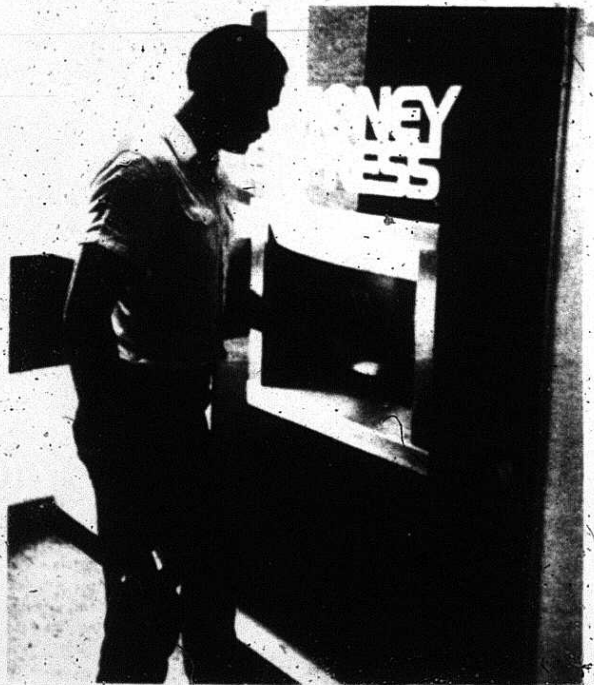
You can leave your windows open at night so you can hear people screaming in the streets, if you live in the city. Or you can hear cars and horns and sirens and babies squalling and cats yowling and during the day smell the sweet stench of too warm garbage and peel the skin off your sunburned arms.

You can roast marshmallows and grill hamburgers and play splash at the local pool. You can get sweaty just by walking across the street. Summer is an incredible season of the year.

And this has been one of them.



Photos by Steve Rabey



Kaleidoscope

